

DEPARTMENT STORE

No. 10 and 12 Shells

loaded with

"Infallible"

Smokeless

Powder

and Chilled Shot

SPORTSMEN

Who are attracted to Wrangell more and more every year by the

UNSURPASSED
GOOSE AND DUCK SHOOTING
IN THIS VICINITY

Can find at this store everything they need in the line of

GUNS, AMMUNITION,
AND SUPPLIES

Remington Ejector Guns, Pump Guns, Other
Guns, Tents and Stoves, Rubber Footwear
Oiled Clothing and Mackinaws a Specialty

Launches and Guides

For

Hunting and

Shooting

Parties

Engaged on Application

A Cup of Hot Coffee Made from Hills Bros.' "Everfresh" Brand Makes You feel Good after a Long Day's Hunt

We invite Correspondence in regard to the Big
Game Hunting in the Cassiar Country, and Re-
liable Information Cheerfully Given.

F. MATHESON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

We give the Closest and Promptest Attention to
orders sent in by Mail from Outlying Towns
and Camps, and Solicit that Trade.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Interpreted Service, 10:30 A. M., Sunday.
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M., Sunday.
Christian Endeavor, 3:30 P. M., Sunday.
English Service, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.
Midweek Interpreted Service, 7:30 P. M., Wednes-
day.
Midweek English Service, 7:30 P. M., Friday.
Library Association meeting in library rooms the
first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 P. M.
J. S. CLARK, Pastor.

ST. PHILIP'S—EPISCOPAL
Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at
10:30 A. M.
Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) interpreted for
Natives, 10:30 A. M.
Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30 A. M.
Bible School, 2:00 P. M.
Vespers—Native service, 3:30 P. M.
Service in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday
at 4:30 P. M.
Evening Prayer and service, 7:30 P. M.
Ladies' Aid every second Tuesday evening.
Native prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.
Service of Song, Friday evening, 7:30.
Native Choir, Saturday evening.
Free Night School every evening, except Sat.
HARRY P. CORSEN, Rector.

SALVATION ARMY
Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.
Knee Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.
Service at Jail, Sunday, 10:00 A. M.
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M.
Regular service Sunday evening, 7:00.
EMMA MILLER, Corps Commander.
THOS. TAMAREE, Sergeant-Major.
ROBT. SMITH, Adjutant.

WITH PENCIL AND SHEARS

Items of Interest Gathered From
Here and There

Dr. Shurick made a business trip to
Juneau on the Jefferson.

Deputy Marshal Grant made an offi-
cial visit to Juneau, and return, last
week.

U. S. Geologists are to make a thor-
ough examination of the Eagle River
mineral belt near Juneau next year.

Attorney John G. Held of Juneau, was
a passenger on the Seattle for Ketchi-
kan to attend court, which opened last
Monday.

Admiral Johansen of the Wrangell
mussquito fleet, took a party of hunters
over to the flats Friday night, returning
Sunday in the flagship Duckland.

Loggers were pleased to learn last
week through a telegram to Marshal
Grant from Gov. Hoggatt, that upon de-
positing the necessary \$50, that they
will be privileged to go to work, without
waiting for the action of the timber
agent.

The revenue cutter Perry has been or-
dered to Juneau, where she will be sta-
tioned in the future. The little cutter
arrived there last week.

Steamer Jefferson made this port in
lieu of the Cottage City, arriving Tues-
day with freight and mail. She also
carried a big passenger list.

Ed Lyons, Frank Waterbury, C. M.
Coulter and Walter Waters spent two
days on the flats this week, arriving in
Monday night with lots of ducks.

Mr. Craig, chief of the Canadian sur-
vey party, arrived down from the Iskut
camp last week, together with his crew
of assistants. The Princess May called
in yesterday for the party.

The Cottage City banged full speed
into a lumber ship last week, just after
leaving Seattle for Alaska, and will be
in dry dock for a long time. No lives
were lost, but Purser Jones was thrown
overboard into the chilly waters of Pu-
get Sound.

Bishop Rowe has returned from Lon-
don, where he went several months ago
to attend the Pan-anglican Conference
of the Episcopal Church. He reports
having had a pleasant trip, and says
that the Church is in excellent condition
and gaining strength every day. The
Bishop passed through in the Jefferson
on his way home.

The City of Seattle went south last
Saturday, loaded to the guards with
freight and her passenger list filled to
the limit. Owing to a severe wind
storm that was prevailing, she remained
at the Wrangell wharf from 2 to 10 p.
m., not wishing to face the seas of Clar-
ence Straits with her big cargo.

Tommy Dalgity received word last
Sunday that he has inherited an enor-
mous tract of land in New Zealand, to-
gether with about 10,000 sheep. Tom
says that the legacy came through the
death of an uncle, and you all know
that when Tom says a thing it is true
or else it isn't.

Sam Kincaid returned from below on
the Seattle, and claims he was bitten by
a rat under rather cheery circumstan-
ces. Sam has a hand which is partially
paralyzed. He was sleeping with this
hand on his forehead, and was awaken-
ed during the night by something mov-
ing on his face. Throwing out his arm,
he knocked a big rat to the floor. In
the morning he noticed some blood on
the bed clothing, and upon making an
examination of himself, found that the
insipid rodent had gnawed away a
portion of a benumbed finger for him.

Capt. Parrott had a mishap last week
which will lay him up for a time. While
carrying a big deer down a mountain at
Blind Slough, his left foot caught on a
root and he was thrown violently to the
ground, spraining his ankle in a most
painful manner.

The launch Sentinel blew out of the
bay in the high wind, last Friday night,
and was not found until Sunday morn-
ing, when Al Osborne saw her drifting
along the shore of Kadin Island. Peter
Jensen went out, and the Sentinel was
found at anchor and uninjured.

The little steamer Petrel, Captain
Bloom, stopped in here from Juneau last
week on her way to Seattle. While the
steamer was moored at the sawmill the
tide went out and left her high and dry,
and not being prepared for such an
emergency, the boat went over on her
bilge, and it kept the crew busy pump-
ing the water out while the tide was
coming in and righting the boat.

Mr. Thompson and party who have
been working the Haskins mining prop-
erties in the Cassiar country, since May,
arrived down last Thursday on their
way below for the winter. In answer to
the question "How have you been do-
ing?" Mr. Thompson said, "Not so bad,
considering the weather, which has been
very disagreeable most of the summer." Before they left the inside, considerable
snow had fallen; in some places four or
five feet.

Jafet Lindeberg, a Nome miner who
made one of the first gold discoveries in
Siberia, and who has been working some
claims in that country with a force of
men, was recently relieved of ten thou-
sand dollars in gold by the Russian
authorities. This amount was demand-
ed by the officers as tribute for the
privilege of working the ground, in spite
of the fact that Lindeberg had previ-
ously obtained the permission. He will
try to get redress from Russia by pro-
cess of law.

Juneau Record: "Special Govern-
ment agent S. N. Stoner arrived on the
Jefferson on the 10th, and will immedi-
ately examine all timber lands on which
applications have been made to cut tim-
ber. There are many of these applica-
tions on file with P. J. Mullen and much
inconvenience has been caused loggers
who could not go ahead and cut timber
until the same had been appraised by a
government agent, and up to the present
there has been no agent here. The next
boat from the south will bring up sev-
eral other timber inspectors so that the
work of appraisal will now be exped-
ited."

IMPORTANT DECISION

A matter of great importance to the
southeastern portion of Alaska is the
fact that the appellate court at San
Francisco has sustained the decision of
Judge Wickersham in the case of C. M.
Thorndyke, et al. versus the Alaska
Perseverance Company. In regard to
the decision the Juneau Transcript says:
"The suit was brought to enjoin the
defendant company from the use of the
waters of Lurvey Creek, the evidence in
the record showing that the corpora-
tion's grantor posted a notice on the
east branch of the creek and diverted
the water below the junction of the two
branches. It was shown that the cor-
poration never used over 150 inches of
water until after the time of the plain-
tiff's location and diversion and diver-
sion, but it also appeared that the com-
pany was all this time prosecuting its
work in the opening up of and develop-
ing of its mines and gradually appropri-
ating the water and applying it to
beneficial use as circumstances required,
and Judge Wickersham held that the
corporation had shown due diligence in
prosecuting their diversion of the water,
despite the length of time intervening."
"Probably no case from Alaska has
ever caused so much harsh comment as
this case. The Seattle papers at the
time were filled with adverse opinions
from Alaska lawyers and others, and
Judge Wickersham was the recipient of
much blame for the decision he made.
The appellate court, however, fully up-
holds his views of the matter, and even
the bitterest enemies of the judge should
now be thankful that a man of his abil-
ity and learning heard the case."

"The decision is of particular impor-
tance to Juneau, for it means that the
big mines in the basin will now be prac-
tically free from the litigation that for
years has retarded their full develop-
ment. What the full operation of these
mines will mean to the city can not be
estimated in dollars and cents, for it is
conservative to make the statement that
there is enough ore to make a dozen
Treadwells."

"The case has been an expensive one,
and both sides have poured out money
like water, each side believing itself in
the right. Now that a decision has been
reached it is hoped that the bitter an-
imosities engendered will be forgotten.
Mr. Thorndyke and his associates are
said to own much other ground as rich
as any in the Perseverance locations.
All parties to the case should work to-
gether in harmony, standing shoulder to
shoulder for the best interests of the
district."

TO USERS OF MILK

I wish to inform my patrons that the
price of milk will be advanced on the
first of November to 12½ cents per
quart.
F. E. SMITH.

WOULD CARE FOR INDIANS

The report of Indian Commissioner
Brown has been filed with the depart-
ment and in it is found a recommenda-
tion that compulsory education for the
Alaskan Indians be made a law at the
coming session of congress. Prof. Har-
lan Undergraff, who has been in Alaska
all summer, also makes report that a
physician should be appointed to look
after the Indians' sanitary condition.
The recommendation has been approved
by the department, but it is feared that
no doctor will accept the place as the
amount which is set aside in payment
for the services is but \$1,500 a year, and
the expense account is in proportion.

Efforts are being made to have a de-
puty United States Marshal and a United
States Commissioner appointed at Doug-
las City. The recent drunken brawl
indulged in by the Indians has made
life a burden to the residents living on
the upper walk. With only one deputy
in Juneau and a city marshal in Doug-
las who puts in about eighteen hours a
day in the hardest kind of work on the
streets and attending to law and order
in the day time and evening it gives the
whiskey peddlers an elegant opportu-
nity to ply their trade during the long
hours of the night.—Dispatch.

Juneau Dispatch, 14th: Edward Lu-
decke, of Wrangell came in on the City
of Seattle to be present at the '87 Pio-
neers' hall Monday night. Mr. Ludecke
came to Alaska on October 9th, 1867 and
was at Sitka when Gen. Rossen's son
hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the
newly-acquired U. S. Possession. Lu-
decke was later fortunate enough to se-

cure the flag, which is now in a vault in
a Seattle bank for exhibition at the A.
Y. P. E. After the exposition it will be
presented to the '87 pioneers.

A fireman from a visiting steamer was
"pinched" here last week, having ab-
sorbed so much moisture that he was a
trifle unruly. He spent a season of five
days' recuperation in the jail, after
which he caught the Seattle south.

The black bear in this section are be-
coming very impudent. A few weeks
ago Dick Howard was camping at Brad-
field Canal, and upon returning to his
tent from a hunt, he found a big bear
occupying his bed and complacently de-
vouring Dick's bacon. Dick "shooed"
him away and came to town for more
bacon. Tuesday afternoon Fred Amund-
son went over by the cannery and killed
a cub that was making a meal from the
carcass of a mud shark.

This office has just received the copy
for the November number of the Alas-
kan Cross-Bearer, and Mr. Jenkins
writes that the periodical will cease pub-
lication with this issue.

The Challenge's cradle has been com-
pleted, and on the next high tide the
steamer will be hauled up for repairs.

Capt. Rastad is getting the recon-
struction work on the Bartlett pretty
well along. Hans Nelson is taking ad-
vantage of every low tide to bring this
job to completion.

Nels Nelson and Peter Jensen are put-
ting the finishing touches on Sam Cun-
ningham's launch, the Scripps, and the
new craft will join the mosquito fleet in
a few days.

Patronize home industry.

The first real snow to fall in town
came yesterday morning. The rain has
been more or less freighted with snow
for some time, and the surrounding hills
have been white for a week. Tuesday
night the mercury dropped to 31.

Capt. Johnson and Oscar Carlson left
out Monday in the former's new launch
for a trip around among the neighboring
islands, partly on business and partly
for pleasure.

Judge Gunnison, Marshal Shoup and
the other court officials were passengers
on the Jefferson on their way north,
having completed the term of court at
Ketchikan. Judge Gunnison goes to
Skagway to open court.

Mrs. Pacey has just recovered from a
severe attack of sore throat.

Frank Waterbury leaves on the Jeffer-
son for the southward, expecting to
bring up in California.

A very pleasant dance took place at
Red Men's Hall, Tuesday night.

Mrs. Pacey believes SENTINEL's idea to
inaugurate a spelling school a good one.
The old fashioned spelling school is lots
of fun, and besides it is a great help to
those who are deficient in spelling.

Patronize the business men who show
their public spirit by advertising in the
home paper.

Stickine Tribe No. 5
Imp. O. R. M.
Meets Tuesday evening of each
week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell,
Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcome.
J. H. WICKELIN, Sachem.
A. V. R. SNYDER, C. of R.

The Shurick Drug Co.

S. C. SHURICK, M. D., Proprietor

Purest of Drugs and Chemicals

Toilet Articles, Rubber Goods, Stationery, Postals and
Imperial Candies. Exclusive Wrangell Agent for the
Famous Palmer's Perfumes and Toilet Preparations

Orders by Mail Receive Prompt
and Careful Attention

Courteous Treatment and Correct
Prices Always Assured



Alaska Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

VRANGEL.....ALASKA.

Even cold cash at times seems to burn in a man's pocket.

Some people are as miserly with truth as others are with money.

Beauty may be a snare, but most people are willing to take chances.

Women who take anti-venom remedies try to make the most of themselves.

The man who is really wiser than his wife acts as if he thought otherwise.

It is now believed that the report that the sun is cooling off is a mere rumor.

No, girls; the attack on the powder trust will not affect the prices on toilet articles.

It seems to cost some people a lot more to live than they are worth to the community.

"Simplified spelling gaining in Europe." It has a magnificent opportunity in Russia.

After a new political party gets big enough to capture a few offices there is always danger of a split.

The wonder is that the simplified spellers don't get together and put a presidential ticket in the field.

The Standard is no doubt fully convinced that it pays, in the long run, to hire good lawyers and lots of them.

It is not a comforting thought, but it is nevertheless true that we can't keep an ex-President in this country half as long as we would wish.

Much is being said about the Pennsylvania man who swallowed a knife while eating. Of course, the proper thing would have been to swallow a fork.

Why can't we have a society composed of gentlemen who have positively declined to permit themselves to be nominated for the vice presidency?

Mrs. Anna's eyes were red with weeping when she became the bride of Prince Helle. Poor lady! She must have at least partly realized what she was doing.

The latest song success is entitled "What's the Use of Jumping if You Can't Stay Up?" The writer evidently never experienced the pleasure of jumping on somebody he cordially disliked.

A University of Chicago professor denies miracles. How would he explain the case of a pretty girl worth a million who falls in love with her father's bald-headed bookkeeper earning \$95 a month?

John Henniker Heaton has been praised in England because of the success of his long campaign for the reduction of the rates of ocean postage between Great Britain and the United States, but the Englishmen do not forget the efforts of Ellhu Burritt, the Connecticut blacksmith, on behalf of cheap ocean postage.

Coal-burning locomotives no longer draw trains into the Grand Central Station in New York through the long Park Avenue tunnel. The last steam locomotive ran out of the station on the night of June 30. Electric locomotives are now used, and make travel much pleasanter, as well as safer. It is likely to be a long time before electricity displaces steam for pulling trains long distances, but for suburban traffic it is probable that it will be the exclusive power within the lifetime of men now past middle age.

In the long warfare between the spider and the fly, the latter has had the housewife for its auxiliary and friend. The flies have been tolerated, even fed and nurtured, while the spiders and their webs have been ruthlessly destroyed. This unrelenting and unrelenting war against it keeps the spider population down, while the flies increase and multiply by the millions and tens of millions, almost unchecked. The spider is ugly and his web is unsightly in the estimation of most people, but spiders hurt no human creature. They feed on flies, which are the foes of mankind, and do mankind a service.

There are many elements that enter into success—but it is easier to catalogue the elements of failure. We maintain health by guarding against the causes of disease, and on the same principle we may attain success by knowing and guarding against the causes of failure. In the cemetery of Failure are many epitaphs. Here are some of them: He lacked tact. Was too sensitive. Could not say "No." Did not find his place. Didn't care how he looked. Did not guard his weak point. Was too proud to take advice. Didn't fall in love with his work. Got in a rut and couldn't get out. Never learned to do things to a finish. Loved his ease and didn't like to struggle. Was the victim of the last man's advice. Was loaded down with useless baggage. Lacked the faculty of getting along with others. Could not transmute his knowledge into power. Tried to pick only the flowers of his occupation. Knew a good deal, but couldn't make it practical. A little success paralyzed him. Worry

killed him. Success, like health, lies not in outward things, but within. We must not wait until "everything is right" for us to do some particular thing. We must not wait away, awaiting chances, which never can be ours until we create them ourselves. Conova at one time, having no clay, modeled one of his divinest figures in butter. See what Bret Harte got out of the barren sands and sage of California. It was a finer assay than gold miner ever dreamed of. But the riches lay within himself. The one whose purposes are right has only to dig, dig—confident that the gold is there and remains only to be uncovered.

A young professor of mathematics, who played a good game of tennis and was a hearty outdoor companion, used to amuse his fellow vacationists by spending the time between games and fishing trips lying at ease, with a German work on calculus, or some other subject in the misty attitudes of science. He enjoyed his summer reading fully, and looked forward to his vacation feasts of leisurely study. What one likes to read is the best summer reading, and as every class of book is liked by somebody, the consumption of the world's literature probably does not vary much in kind from January to December. There are no literary fashions to put away and replace with literary gauze. No one has yet invented a type of novel that comes in with asparagus and goes out with green corn. Summer reading is a superstition of the comic papers and the publishers who imagine the entire world of vacationists loitering in hammocks, drinking lemonade, and perusing "Dainty Dialogues" or "The Exciting Adventure of Captain Montrosol, Sometime Officer of the Pink Hussars." But if you look over Tom's shoulder after a day in the hay field, the chances are that you will find him reading a book which he began in mid-winter, and did not have time to finish. Grandmother is probably going slowly through "Adam Bede" for the nineteenth time, and Mary's book is "Boy Travelers on the Congo." Pudd'nhead Wilson says that October is one of the peculiarly dangerous months in which to speculate in stocks; "the others are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August and February." By the same token a peculiarly interesting book to read in August is one which is not dull in any other month.

ZURICH A MODEL MODERN CITY.

One of the Best Organized and Most Perfectly Equipped Towns.

Seventy years ago, as we may see in the national gallery cellars, Turner found at Zurich one of the most lovely subjects of his brush, says the Boston Transcript. It is no longer a romantic old relic of middle ages, but it is one of the best organized and most perfectly equipped of European cities. Its magnificent situation and rare natural opportunities have been used to the full by its energetic citizens. If one is interested in municipal organization, let him study the institution and acclivity of Zurich—its boulevards, quays, electric tram lines, its water supply, its public gardens, its lighting, its railways and its post office. Zurich is now a model modern city, in size, in construction and arrangement, the ideal of what a city should be to live in and work in.

But I wish especially to call attention to its new national museum of local antiquities. It is barely ten years old, but as a monumental history of Switzerland for 5,000 years it is far the most complete collection in Europe. Neither London, nor Berlin, nor Vienna, with all their splendid collections, can show anything at all equal in historic continuity for a single country as Swiss patriotism has done at Zurich. Its fifty rooms record the evolution of the national life from the age of the lake dwellers to our own day. And the value of such a systematic collection of national monuments, industry and art can hardly be overrated. The historian and the artist might spend weeks of study in mastering its varied contents.

Nurse for Shoppers.

"I haven't had a regular 'case' for three months," said a trained nurse, "but three or four times a week I have peculiar special calls. I go shopping with women who have weak hearts or some other organic trouble which makes them afraid to brave the perils of a department store alone. Shopping is with these women too serious an undertaking to be delegated to a friend, or even a professional buyer. At the risk of dying on the spot, they insist upon picking out their own hats and their own dresses. The only concession they will make to a deranged physical system is the companionship of a trained nurse. So far none of my customers have fallen by the wayside, but in order that I may have the proper restoratives at hand in case any of them should keel over I go shopping nowadays looking and smelling like a peripatetic drug store."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Physical Hardships.

"It's a pity that the band's tour is a failure, but don't be too much cast down. Come, face the music." "How can I, when I'm backing it?"—Baltimore American.

Keeping Up.

It is said that South American newspapers have to be printed on rotary presses in order to print accounts of the many revolutions down there. Yet, of course.—Toledo Blade.

Of course, you would not confess it, but when someone gives you a postal card to mail, don't you always read it?

THE NAVY'S NEW STEEL-MESH MAST.

Tremendous sums are annually expended in target practice by the navy of this nation. The ultimate end sought for in this sedulous training and costly expenditure is the acquiring of an ability to hit the enemy first, to hit rapidly and to hit hard. It is now realized that the sea fights of the future will open at extremely long ranges, say, five or six miles. "The fleet that first gets the range," said Rear Admiral Evans in a recent interview, "and is best handled after the range is obtained, will undoubtedly do such damage in the first ten minutes as practically to disable the opposing fleet."

All other things being equal, the initial advantage would therefore appear to be the deciding one. The gaining of this advantage is now almost wholly dependent upon the observers stationed in the tops, the clear-eyed, cool-headed men who from their point of vantage determine the range, and, by the various systems of fire control communicate it to the men behind the guns. With these salient points in mind, the reader can clearly comprehend the vast importance of an observing station sufficiently elevated for the range finders to execute their mission with precision and celerity, and, more important still, a station that can remain longest erect under the stress of battle.

In a recent notable test which was conducted by the British Admiralty it was found that the ordinary cylindrical steel mast with which all battleships are now fitted is wholly unsuited for this purpose. The Hero, an obsolete battleship of the second class, was selected for the experiment. A complete system of fire control was installed in the old warrior, and then the vessel was anchored over a shoal and attacked by the guns of the modern first-class battleships Hibernia and Dominion.

Although the deductions of the Admiralty officials have been withheld, a



NAVY'S NEW SKELETON MAST.

writer for a service journal (The Navy) has ascertained that the effect of the gun fire upon every part of the fire control system located above the protected deck was disastrous. A six-inch shell burst in the improvised fire control top on the mast and carried away the range-finding station in the very beginning of the simulated combat. Most significant and important of all, a splinter of shell—not a direct hit—went through the mast, and although the mast stood, every one of its fire control wires was severed. Thus was the most important problem solved in the first two minutes.

Then was asked the question, whether the modern system of fire control, with its most important installation in a cylindrical steel mast and its observatory placed at a high elevation upon that mast, could withstand for any length of time the fire of a straight-shooting foe. It was realized at once that it could not—that with the increased range and deadly precision of modern high-powered guns not only masts, but smokestacks and other super-deck attachments are more than likely to be shot away at the very beginning of the battle.

This brought naval administrations face to face with new conditions. The need of some method of carrying range finders high in air had been noted in the battle of the Tsushima Straits, where the initial advantage had been gained by the Japanese, who had concentrated their fire upon the Souwaroff, Rojestvensky's flagship. According to Semenov, a Russian officer on board the flagship, the mast of that vessel was shot away almost at the beginning of the action. This not only interrupted all further efforts on the part of that vessel to get the range of her antagonists from her fighting tops, but it also interfered with the display of signals.

The need of some new method indicated by that battle was accentuated and made urgent by the test to which the Hero was subjected. Some of our own very alert and progressive navy officers at once set about solving the problem. The result is the test to which the monitor Florida was subjected a few days ago. The Arkansas, a sister ship, was selected to do the firing.

The Florida is one of the new type of single-turret monitors. For the purpose of the test she was towed to the

Thimble Light Shoal, off Old Point Comfort, and anchored about midway between Cape Charles and Cape Henry. The Arkansas took a position about 350 yards westward, so that the shots, after passing through the Florida's military mast, would fall into the open sea. The shots were fired at a range of about 350 yards with a reduced charge, so that the effect was practically the same as a range of 5,000 yards with a full charge of powder.

It was the first time in the history of the United States Navy that actual conditions of warfare were reproduced for experimental purposes. Three tests were ordered; one to determine the effect of shell fire upon turret armor and turret fittings, one for the purpose of showing the usefulness, if any, of crinoline nets as a protection against torpedoes, and another, regarded by naval men as the most important of the series, intended to test the release safety of a new type of skeleton mast.

The mast is described as a mesh of steel, 90 feet in height, and carried near the stern of the monitor. It was built upon a double spiral principle, each set of spiral columns running in an opposite direction. At the top was a platform upon which were two dummies weighted and wired for recording the shock of the projectile. The steel rods which form the mast are two inches in diameter at the base, narrowing at the top. The experts who had designed it had employed all of their mechanical skill to construct a framework that would still remain erect though pierced by many shot. The mast was subjected to a thorough test and emerged successful.

Does a Vacation Pay?

What a difference there is in what two people bring home from a vacation! One comes back tired, disgusted, bored. He has spent his money and doesn't feel that he has much of anything in return. Another comes back all radiant with the riches which he has drunk in and absorbed during every moment of his vacation. He comes back rejuvenated, refreshed, inspired, a new creature, with a new grip upon life. The cobwebs, the brain ashes have been swept away from his jaded brain. He has been made over anew. Life means more than ever before. His dimmed ideals have been brightened and sharpened, his ambition renewed. Ask him if a vacation pays, and he will ask you, in turn, if it pays the grub to throw off its ugly shape and blossom out into a butterfly; if it pays a rosebud to open up its petals and fling out its fragrance and beauty to the world.

When you go into the country, make up your mind that you are going into God's great gallery of charm and beauty to enjoy yourself and to see what you can get out of it. Resolve that you will come home laden with riches that no money can buy; that you are going to extract from the landscape—from the mountains, the valleys, the fields, and the meadows—a wealth which does not inhere in the dollar.

Learn to drink in beauty and health at every pore. Try to realize that the flowers, the grass, the trees, the brooks, the hills—the charm and beauty everywhere—are God's smiles; that they are for him only who can appreciate them, who can respond to them, who can appropriate their message. They cannot be bought; they belong only to him who can enjoy them.—Success Magazine.

The Elephant at Bay.

Twenty years of experience tells me that a whole regiment of lions cannot produce the same moral effect as one twelve-foot African tusker when he cocks his big sail-like ears, draws himself up to his full height and looks at you, letting off at the same time a blood-curdling scream; while in all probability others invisible to you are stampeding on all sides with the din and vibration of an earthquake. Surrounded in a dense jungle by a herd of elephants they seem to block out the whole horizon. One I measured was actually sixteen feet from edge of ear to edge of ear. No wonder my insignificant self seemed to shrivel and my huge express rifle to dwindle into a mere pen shooter. Try as I will on such occasions, I can never overcome my sense of terror, and always feel inclined to throw down my elephant gun and run for safety till I drop.—Success Magazine.

Upholding Authority.

It was a score of years ago that W. J. Connors, now Chairman of the New York Democratic State Committee, secured his first great freight-handling contract, and when the work was ready to start he appeared on the Ohio street dock at Buffalo and called a thousand burly "dock-wallopers" to order.

"Now," roared Connors, "yez are to worrk for me, and I want every man here to understand what's what. I kin lick any man in the gang."

Nine hundred and ninety-nine swabbed the insult, but one huge, double-fisted warrior moved uneasily, and, stepping forward from the line, he said: "You can't lick me, Jim Connors."

"I can't can't I?" bellowed "Fingy." "No, ye can't," was the response. "Oh, well; thin go to the office and git your money," said "Fingy." "I'll have no man in me gang that I can't lick."—Success Magazine.

Thanks for His Money.

Weekie—So Slippy is a defaulter, eh?

Deekle—So they say.

Weekie—By George! I always wondered why he said "Thank you" so pleasantly every time I made a deposit.—Bohemian Magazine.

LIFE.

Give me a taste of life!
Not the tang of a seasoned wine;
Not the drug of an unearned bread;
Not the grape of an untitled vine.
The life that is really life:
That comes from no fount afar,
But springs from the toil and strife
In the world of things as they are.

Give me the whole of life!
The joy, the hope and the pain,
The struggle whose end is strength,
The loss that is infinite gain.
Not the drought of a cloudless sky,
Not the rust of a fruitless rest;
Give me the sun and the storm;
The calm and the white sea-crest.

Give me the best of life!
To live in the world with God,
Where the seed that is sown and dies
Lifts a harvest over the sod.
Where beauty and truth are one,
Where the right must have its way,
Where the storm-clouds part for stars,
And the starlight heralds the day.

Give me the toil of life!
The muscle and mind to dare,
No luxury's lap for my head,
No idly won wealth to share.
Whether by pick or plane,
Whether by tongue or pen,
Let me not live in vain;
Let me do a man's work among men.
—Youth's Companion.

The Cruel Wooing

"Exchange! Exchange! ... Well, why don't you, then? \$855A, Gerrard, please. ... Yes, \$855A."

"Are you Macgregor & Wynne? Has Mr. Wynne gone? I want to speak to him, please, if you'll put me through. Thank you."

"Is that you, darling? You're not gone yet, then? ... Oh, just dressing now. Well, haven't I packed the bag beautifully this time? Not forgotten the studs or anything. ... Not at all, I don't mind being left a bit. ... Of course not, sweetheart, I know you can't take me to a man's dinner. ... Now, you're to have a good time and thoroughly enjoy yourself. ... Yes, I've had mine—all I want. ... No; it wasn't an egg for tea, then; it was an enormous meal! ... Yes, and I'm going to have an uproarious evening alone. ... You'll never guess. ... I'm going to read some old love letters I found to-day at the back of an old desk. ... Yes, letters I wrote years ago to a man. ... Never mind who, you don't know him. ... Why, it'll be



"YOU THINK I CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU."

awfully amusing. ... What? You call it a 'dashed silly way of spending an evening'?"

She laughed softly. "Oh, Gerald, you dear old fellow; you're jealous! Well, that is funny. ... All right, I won't keep you any longer; you'll be late as it is. ... What? No. Of course, I'm not cross. ... No, of course, I don't mind being left. You concocted old hubby, you think I can't get on without you. ... Good night, darling; enjoy yourself. ... All right, I will. ... Good night, dear."

Maisie put the telephone back on the receiver and came into the circle of the frelight. She was pliant and pretty enough in a curiously indefinite way. Her soft cheeks and fair, fluffy hair were still those of a girl, but her mouth showed lines of suffering and her eyes held secrets—the kind of secret woman does not share with her husband. A shrewd observer might have suspected a hint of carefully concealed tragedy in her past life.

But she looked happy enough to-night and strangely young in her white tea gown. Sighing luxuriously, she settled herself in the big armchair before the fire, with the shabby little writing case on her knees.

The letters were mostly rough copies in pencil—scraps begun and then discarded; preserved heaven alone knows why, and forgotten long since. She had found them all together in the pocket of an old blotting book.

How many years ago was it, ... four, five, six? Yes, it was nearly six years since she and Harry had parted. How she had worshipped that boy. She recalled their first meeting at a dance at a Monte Carlo hotel. ... They had sat out in the gardens. ... It had been love at first sight. The next day he came to her aunt at their hotel in Mentone and invited them to a picnic. His connections were irreproachable, and the girl let her thoughts rush out of that white circle of wifehood and motherhood—over the barrier which a certain prim prudice born of marriage had erected in her

heart—back, back through six effecting years to that mad month on the Riviera. What a wild, wonderful time it had been. She recalled the slopes of shimmering gray olives, the groves of orange and lemon trees where she and Harry had kissed, the long winding road up to Castellar, where they had often climbed hand in hand, the afternoons they had lingered on the plateau where the myrtle grew among the cypresses on the heights above Gorbio.

He would twist the orange blossom in her hair and put myrtle in her hands and call her his beautiful bride. The somber cypresses stood sentinel over them, and towering far above the eternal snow-capped hills mocked their little futile passion. But below glittered the deeply blue unforgettable Mediterranean; the dazzling sunshine was over all, and the intoxicating balmy airs of the south blew around them. ... "Oh, the wild spring and his chances and dreams!"

Days of youth and fire; gliden, passionate days. How immortal it had seemed—how quickly it had died. She remembered those few subsequent meetings in town when Harry had rushed up from the country to take her to lunch at Prince's or tea in Bond street—how he had chafed at the distance that parted them—the gradual waning of his love—the final disagreement that had ended it.

Maisie had destroyed his letters on the night before her wedding two years ago, with her own, which had been duly returned after the rupture. She keenly remembered that burning and how she had not dared read the letters first because her wedding gown was lying on the bed.

These few rough copies were all that was left. She opened the top sheet and recognized by the date that it was written after their parting. It was one of those pleading letters he had never answered, the memory of which constituted her greatest shame.

"Oh, Harry, I cannot lose you like this; you are twisted right around my heart strings. If the end is to come it must come gradually. This sudden wrench, this frightful blank, it's literally beyond my strength to bear. I love you with such intensity and such passion that I can't, can't shut you out of my life all at once."

Heavens! Had she really written that—only six years ago? Her cheeks burned with shame. She turned the page. Something heavier than a letter fell out of the packet on her knee. A photograph. All the others she had burnt before her wedding day. How strange it was to see his face again.

For a long time she stared at the rather old, entirely commonplace countenance. It was his coldness, his aloofness, and a hint of reserve even in his most impassioned moments that had attracted her so powerfully. She had been wooed by more than one warm-hearted and tenderly sentimental young man, and the memory of these rather tiresome ardors had given to Harry's suit a spurious charm.

She had mistaken it for strength at the time. Looking down at the hard, selfish eyes, the thin lips, she knew it now to be merely shallowness. He could not love or give. He was one of the men that can only break the soil.

There was but one folded sheet left, and Maisie recognized it with interest as a copy of some verses she had written at Mentone. It would be more amusing to read them than the letters. They would probably be funny. Some-how her evening had not been so gay after all. There was an unpleasant savor about these ashes. Perhaps the verses would make her laugh.

"Funny; yes, they were certainly funny in one way."

"What trash!" she said, trying to feel light-hearted. "And yet they are tragic enough in another sense," she added, catching her breath. "How I must have felt them. ... Heavens! and I wrote that about you?"

She tore the photograph across and threw it into the fire. The flames blazed up brightly, casting a momentary light on the picture of another man above the hearth. The woman leaned her arms on the mantelpiece and looked yearningly at the fine, clever face of her husband—the tender eyes, the strong, kind mouth.

She put her lips to the pictured face lovingly. "Forgive me, dear," she whispered. "I did not know—then."

The lights died down as the letters fluttered to ashes, but those dear, understanding eyes seemed to assure her of forgiveness. A great peace fell on the woman's soul as she looked around the homelike little room. That passionate vista of orange and cypress groves, southern glory and southern heat, had faded away from her mind. A crooning sound from the room above told of a child's awakening.

In haste she made her little wifely preparations for her husband's homecoming—cake and wine on the table, with his letters, in the fender his slippers. Then, obeying a sudden impulse, she wrote on a sheet of paper: "Dearest and best, I love you better to-night than I did this morning. Good night, my own. Your Wife."

An ever-deepening murmur from above gave warning that the nurse's ministrations were unsuccessful.

"Thank God for a heaven," she thought as she hurried upstairs. "Thank God for safety and kind arms and a loving heart to rest in," and to the baby's little downy head as it pressed against her breast she murmured:

"Little son, little son, be very, very kind to women when you're a big man; very kind and gentle, my baby, for mother's sake."—Maud Churton Braby, in the Tatler.

SOME STATISTICS OF CRIME.

Figures of Prison Population that Furnish Food for Thought.

A bulletin issued by the Census Bureau contains some statistics of the prison population of the country that are startlingly suggestive, says the Indianapolis News. The statistics are of June 30, 1904, when the total population of the country was estimated to be 81,301,848. At that time the country had 1,337 penal institutions, including four United States civil prisons, sixty-seven State prisons and State and county penitentiaries, fourteen reformatories for adults, seventy-one municipal prisons and workhouses and 1,181 county jails. At the date named these various prisons contained 81,772 inmates, an average of 100.6 per 100,000 of population. The average seems appallingly large, but it shows an improvement over 1890, when it was 131.5 per 100,000 of population.

There is some consolation in the fact that, appalling as the aggregate of crime appears, the percentage of criminals to population is not increasing. This might be due to remission in the enforcement of law, but we are at least permitted to hope that it is not the case, the moral trend of the times being toward stricter instead of laxer enforcement of law.

It appears that of the total number of prison inmates on June 30, 1904, 77,230, or 94 1/2 per cent, were males, and 4,542, or 5 1/2 per cent, were females. As there is no great difference in the number of males and females in the country, the figures indicate clearly that crime is much more prevalent among men than among women.

On June 24, 1904, there were in the United States ninety-three institutions for juvenile delinquents between the ages of 7 and 21 years. These institutions, included reformatories, reform schools, truant schools—in fact, all kinds of prisons, places of detention and religious agencies for juvenile delinquents. At the date named they contained 23,004 inmates, of whom 2,500 were in the Catholic reformatory at Westchester, N. Y.

The number of inmates in all kinds of institutions for juvenile delinquents increased from 14,846 on June 1, 1890, to 23,004 on June 30, 1904. This was a gain of 8,158, or 55.2 per cent. On its face, this is not encouraging, though it may be due to the fact that there were more institutions for juvenile delinquents in 1904 than there were in 1890, and more activity in arresting and confining them.

DOOM OF THE WANDLE.

The Stream Where Isak Walton Fished is in Danger.

That great River Wandle—the blue transparent "Vandall's" of Pope—the stream where old Isak fished for trout "marked with marble spots like a tortoise"—the river which even now is the most perfect epitome in beauty and in fifth of big brother Thames—may be doomed, says the London News. Its fate hangs upon a mere hundred or two of votes. It can be killed or kept alive just as parliament chooses when the River Wandle protection bill comes before our legislature in the course of the present year.

But while gentle fishermen and quiet gardeners have always poetized about the river, men of the world have fought about it, well nigh from time immemorial. In 1669 a deplorable scheme was set on foot for taking one-tenth part of the water between Croydon and Waddon Mill and conveying it by canals and underground pipes to the city of London for the benefit of Chelsea College, but so loud was the outcry, seeing that at that date the river turned twenty-four corn mills, that the scheme had to be abandoned and by an act of James I. the necessary water was taken from Hackney marsh. Even at the beginning of the seventeenth century there seems to have been none too much water in the river.

Again in 1769 a determined attempt was made by certain financiers and engineers to destroy the river at a blow by diverting its waters into a canal between Wandsworth and Croydon. Once more, however, the Wandle escaped by reason of its great commercial utility and the quaint "Surrey Iron Railway," with grooved rails and tiny trucks drawn by horses, took the place of the proposed canal.

But the Wandle is still a force and a treasure. It may be neither quite so beautiful nor quite so useful as a hundred years ago, yet the man who has stood on the bridge at Carshalton and watched the crystal waters slip past the arches to spread below into calm pools or soak silently through broad beds of cress, or who from the bridge in Wandsworth High street has watched the stained and sullen current glide slothfully toward the Thames must believe that the River Wandle has still a place in the world.

Speech and Action.

"Which is better?" inquired the young patriot. "To be a silver-tongued orator or a practical politician?"

"It depends," answered Senator Sorghum, "on your personal ambitions. Some people desire the last word and others are concerned solely about the first ballot."—Washington Star.

Social Sweets that Cloy.

Maud—Oh, dear, I haven't a moment any day this week that I can call my own. My engagement book is positively crammed full.

Ethel—Well, what are you grumbling about? You're fond of stuffed dates, aren't you?—Boston Transcript.

Tell of a man who has done a good deed, and few show curiosity to know who he is.

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3 feet wide, 3 1-2 feet deep, 11 feet long, place for water connections, made of heavy steel, water tight and in best condition. Price \$60 f. o. b. Seattle. Address C. J. Glasier, 115, Third Avenue, South, Second floor, Seattle, Wash.

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Homemade Linoleum.

A good, strong linoleum may be made from old Brussels carpet that has not been worn through, says Popular Mechanics. Tack the carpet right side down on the floor and then apply paint, giving it a large number of coats, the last few coats to be of the desired color, allowing each coat to dry well. If the paint begins to wear, apply a fresh coat of paint. The effect of mosaic tile may be produced by dotting the last coat with different colors of paint.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.
Cheney's Family Pills are the best.

Its Demand Complied With.

"Well," said the lawyer for the defense to his client, "I was certainly surprised at your conviction."
"I wasn't; it was all your fault."
"All my fault? I put up a magnificent fight for you!"
"Yes, an' you kep' yellin' at the jury that you demanded justice for me till they went an' give it to me."—Houston Post.

The Reason.

"Have you given the goldfish any fresh water this morning, Mary?"
"No, mum; they ain't drunk all I give 'em yesterday."—Detroit News-Tribune.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases

permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mexican Rarebit.

Melt a tablespoonful of butter in a chafing dish. When well heated add a tablespoonful of Mexican pepper pulp, a half-teaspoonful of mustard and a little salt. To this add a half pound of cheese cut in small pieces. When the cheese is melted stir in slowly three or four teaspoonfuls of milk and then add one beaten egg. The mixing should be stirred constantly while cooking. When sufficiently thickened, serve on small squares of toasted bread.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

A Connecticut man has married his cook, and will shortly discover he has made a horrible blunder if it was his intention to get rid of the servant problem.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for your feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A New York girl has become the bride of a man whom she met in an automobile collision. Perhaps she thinks it was fate and not the chauffeurs that threw them together.

Boiled Tongue.

Have a fine pickled ox tongue, if very salt let it lie in cold water for one or two hours before cooking. Put into a stew pan with two carrots, one onion, a bunch of herbs and parsley, two or three cloves and six pepper-corns; cover with cold water; simmer gently for about three hours; remove from the stew pan, take off the skin, trim the roots, put a paper frill around and serve on a hot dish.

Habitual Constipation

May be permanently overcome by proper personal efforts with the assistance of the one truly beneficial laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, which enables one to form regular habits daily so that assistance to nature may be gradually dispensed with when no longer needed as the best of remedies, when required, are to assist nature and not to supplant the natural functions, which must depend ultimately upon proper nourishment, proper efforts, and right living generally. To get its beneficial effects, always buy the genuine

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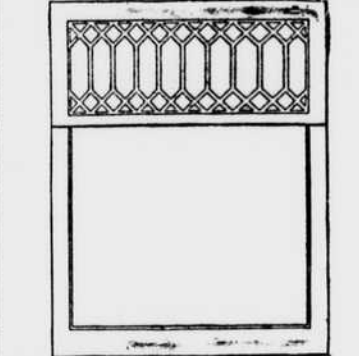
The Song of the Hair

There are four verses. Verse 1. Ayer's Hair Vigor stops falling hair. Verse 2. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. Verse 3. Ayer's Hair Vigor cures dandruff. Verse 4. Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the scalp healthy, and keeps it so. It is a regular hair-food; this is the real secret of its wonderful success.

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A man and his mother-in-law are easily parted.

A woman is influenced by her heart, a man by his digestion.

How we enjoy meeting a man who enjoys paying his debts!

A straight man goes lame when he strays into crooked paths.

Whip don't pay any attention whatever to a flag of truce.

When an inspiration strikes a man it's a sign that he needs the money.

Some people can't stand prosperity because it refuses to stand for them.

A mere matter of form has enabled many a woman to make a hit on the stage.

Blunt language is often used in making sharp retorts.

Woman isn't necessarily the weaker vessel in the courtship class.

People seldom get that tired feeling from carrying the burdens of others.

The man who believes all he says doesn't always say what he believes.

Most people waste a lot of valuable time telling their imaginary troubles.

Few people ever get so busy that they can't stop to read about what Aunt Hetty Green is doing.

King Alfonso would look more like the father of a family of princes if he were to let his beard grow.

No doubt the airship has come to stay. The simple question of getting it to fly according to the will of the navigator is what remains to be solved.

THE WEEKLY HISTORIAN



1388—Earl of Douglas killed at the battle of Otterbourne, Northumberland.

1460—Edward IV. defeated the Lancans at Tewkesbury.

1554—Queen Mary of England married to Philip of Spain.

1603—Coronation of James I. of England.

1600—Battle between Champlain and the Indians in Essex county, New York.

1637—The first Sulpicians arrived in Canada.

1661—Schenectady purchased from the Indians.

1680—Forces of William III. defeated by adherents of James II. of Killcarran.

1760—Treaty of Oswego, making peace with Pontiac.

1711—A British and Colonial fleet sailed from Boston for the conquest of Canada.

1722—New England colonies declared war against the Indians.

1758—Amherst and Wolfe captured Louisbourg.

1750—Crown Point abandoned by the French on the approach of the British. English took Ticonderoga from the French.

1762—Moro fort, at the entrance to Havana harbor, stormed by the English under Admiral Pococke.

1773—The city of Guatemala laid in ruin by an earthquake and the eruption of a volcano.

1780—Rocky Mount, a British post on the Catawba, taken by the Americans under Gen. Sumter.

1789—The department and secretary of "Foreign Affairs" created by act of Congress, but changed to the department and secretary of state soon after.

1804—The American squadron began the siege of Tripoli. The New York State Society of the Cincinnati decided to erect a monument to Alexander Hamilton.

1806—Buenos Ayres taken by the British.

1818—Duke of Richmond became Governor of Canada.

1821—San Martin proclaimed the independence of Peru.

1828—Gilbert Stuart, American portrait painter, died in Boston. Born in Narragansett, R. I., Dec. 3, 1755.

1830—Charles X. of France suspended the liberty of the press.

1833—Lisbon surrendered to Dom Pedro.

1838—Bolivian troops entered Lima.

1852—Hudson river steamer Henry Clay burned near Yonkers, with loss of 52 lives.

1854—The cholera made its appearance in the Massachusetts State prison at Charlestown.

1856—Robert Alexander Schumann, composer, died. Born June 8, 1810.

1868—Territory of Alaska organized. Military government ceased in Arkansas, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia and Florida.

1870—Benjamin Nathan, a wealthy Hebrew citizen of New York, found murdered in his home; the mystery of the crime never solved.

1877—Statue of Richard Cobden unveiled in Bradford, England.

1883—Capt. Matthew Webb drowned in attempt to swim the Niagara whirlpool rapids.

1884—The Imperial Federation of Great Britain and Her Colonies formed in London.

1889—Insurrection in Honolulu.

1897—United States Congress passed the Dingley tariff act.

1898—City of Ponce, Porto Rico, surrendered to the Americans. The American troops advanced on Yucato, Porto Rico. Prince Karl Otto von Bismarck, German statesman, died. Born April 1, 1815. Pugwash, Nova Scotia, totally destroyed by fire.

1899—Gen. Heurieux, ex-president of Hayti, assassinated by Ramon Caceres. Final sitting of the Peace Conference of The Hague. Reciprocity treaty between France and the United States signed.

1900—Russians captured the forts at Newchwang.

1901—Free trade between the United States and Porto Rico proclaimed.

1907—The foundation stone laid for the Carnegie Palace of Peace at The Hague. Edmund W. Pettus, United States Senator from Alabama, died. Born July 6, 1821. Japs assumed control of Korea.

Other Harmful Food Adulterants.
Dr. Wiley, the government chemist, says that the poison squad experiments have shown that both benzoic acid and benzoate of soda should be excluded from foods as being injurious to digestion and to general health.

Miners Uphold Unionism.
The convention of the Western Federation of Miners at Denver reaffirmed its allegiance to the principles of industrial unionism and to aid in the solidifying of the working class.



"I would like to have a dozen picture books—plain," said the red-bearded suburbanite to the hardware dealer. "How much do you charge for the plain ones?"

"They're 10 cents a dozen. Do you want a dozen?" asked the dealer.

"Ten cents!" said his customer, reflectively. "That's 2 cents more than I can get them for in town. I'm not sure but the plain ones are 7 cents a dozen. I'm not kicking, understand."

He added, as the hardware man looked at him grimly. "I know you have to charge a little more for what you sell than a big institution that buy in large quantities. It's all right that you should. Every man has to make his living and my motto is 'Live and let live.' Ten cents, eh?"

"Ten cents," repeated the hardware dealer. "Did you say you wanted a dozen of them?"

The red-bearded suburbanite considered. "Lemme see," he said. "I don't know but half a dozen would be enough. That would be 5 cents, wouldn't it?"

"Five cents," said the hardware dealer. "Do you want half a dozen?"

"I might run short on half a dozen," said the customer. "But then if I did I could get half a dozen more any time at the same price. Maybe I'd better do that than have a lot of extra ones lying around. I don't mind the price. It isn't everything."

"Isn't it?" returned the dealer, shortly.

"Not the way I look at it," said the customer, with a smile. "I figure that it's worth a little something extra for convenience. Here you are in business—one of us, you've invested your capital in a pretty fair stock and it's a convenience to us all to have you here. I happen to want something in a hurry, perhaps, and it's a good deal easier for me to buy of you than to fiddle around wasting time in a big store in town. Your place isn't so crowded that I have to wait for ten minutes to get somebody to wait on me and another ten minutes for my change."

"No, it ain't," said the dealer. "I wish it was."

"Then you can take the trouble to show me what I want. You are a neighbor, I may say. I'm P. J. Bidlick to you, I'm not just one of a few thousand people that you don't care a hang about, except to get their money and get rid of 'em. I know you and you know me. Isn't that right?"

"Hm-m," grunted the dealer.

"Certainly. And if there's anything wrong with what I buy I know I can come to you and you'll make it right. You'll remember the transaction. You won't ask me for my ticket and send me from pillar to post hunting the claim department."

The hardware man grunted again. "Do you want half a dozen of them books?"

"Yes, I believe I'll take half a dozen," answered the red-bearded man. "Wait a moment, though. Perhaps you'd better make it a dozen. I guess I can use 'em, and if I can't 10 cents won't make me nor break me. No, sir, I believe in patronizing home institutions, even if it costs a little to do it. The big city store doesn't do this suburb any good. It doesn't enhance the value of real estate a particle; it doesn't pay any taxes here. You're a home institution, you're a taxpayer and a citizen. If we pay you a little more for your goods than we do the big store, why, it's worth it to us. That's what I always say when they talk big store to me. 'Pay a little extra,' I say."

"Why didn't you come to me for your new lawn mower, then?" asked the dealer.

The red-bearded suburbanite looked, disconcerted for an instant. "Well, that's different," he said. "If you had been a little more reasonable in your prices I might have done so; but my lawn mower cost me a dollar and a quarter less it town than you wanted to charge me. I've got to look out for myself, you know. Business is business when you get right down to 'acks.'"

"That's all right," said the dealer, "but why do you mix it with guff?"

—Chicago Daily News.

The Story of an Obedient Boy.

"Mamma, you told me that when one of the boys wanted to pick a fight with me I must turn around and hurry away."

"Yes, dear."

"Well, Willie Jones tried to pick a fight and when I turned around he kicked me. Then I hurried away."

"That is right, dear."

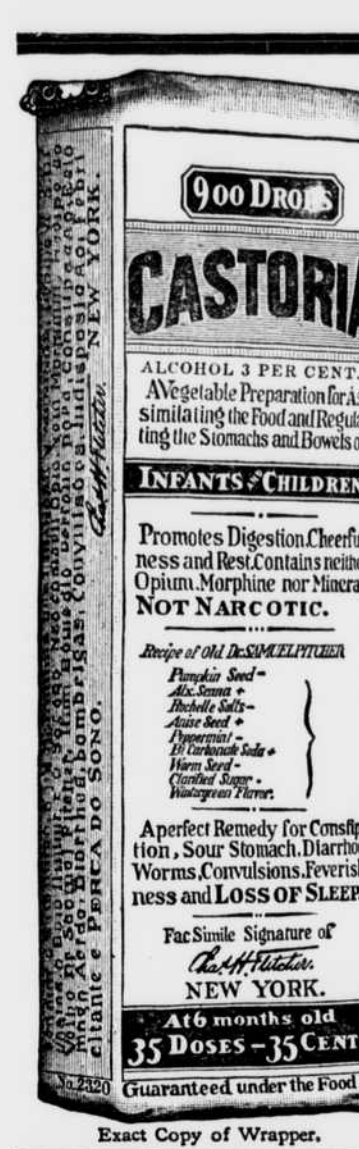
"Yes, mamma. I hurried around the little circle in which is the fountain, an' Willie Jones hurried after me. But you see I can hurry twice as fast as him, and pretty soon I caught up to Willie an' grabbed him by the hair an' slapped him good an' plenty. Wasn't that right, mamma—'cause I did just what you told me to do?"

And what could mamma say?—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dad Gets Sarcastic.

"Physical culture, father, is perfectly lovely. To develop the arms I grasp this rod by one end and move it slowly from right to left."

"Well, well!" exclaimed her father. "What won't science discover? If that rod had straw at the other end you'd be sweeping."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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Promotes Digestion, Cheerful
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Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
NOT NARCOTIC.
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Rice Syrup
Rochelle Salt
Aster Seed
Liquorice
Ginger
Cinnamon
Sassafras
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Facsimile Signature of
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At 6 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food
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Exact Copy of Wrapper.
THE JENNETT COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

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Every day in every year that comes, more housewives are giving up their exorbitant priced Baking Powders and turning to K C, the honest and reliable, which has stood so well the test of years. They are finding out that

KC BAKING POWDER

costs one third the price of powder anywhere near K C quality, and makes better, purer, more healthful baking.

25 Ounces for 25 Cents

Perfect Results

Malthoid Roofing

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ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, OCT. 22, 1908.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year, in advance - \$2 00
Six Months, " " - 1 00
Three Months, " " - 75

ADVERTISING RATES
Professional Cards, per month - \$1 00
Display, per inch " " - 1 00
Locals, 10 cents per line, first insertion;
6 cents per line, each subsequent insertion.

Cards of thanks, obituaries, etc., sent in for publication will be charged for at the rate of 10 cents per line.

JOB WORK

This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

SHALL THIS INDUSTRY DIE?

The ALASKA SENTINEL was established in the year 1902 for the reason that it appeared to its publisher at that time that a newspaper was needed here to exploit the many natural advantages and opportunities with which this section is endowed; to induce a good, energetic class of people to come and settle here and assist in the development of Alaskan resources; to attract trade from the outlying towns and camps, thereby helping the town's merchants in building up good businesses; and for the additional and especial reason that a town of the size of Wrangell situated apart from the larger places, should have a newspaper to uphold and strive for the purity, dignity and betterment of the community where it is published.

It is the duty of a newspaper to work, not only for the immediate section or town in which it is published, but also for the entire state or district of which it is a part. None can say that the SENTINEL has not striven for the benefit of the town ever since it was established.

So the paper was established, and, encouraged by a liberal advertising patronage, was run until the fall of 1905, when it passed to a new management, the present publisher taking charge.

During the years prior to the taking charge by the present publisher, the types had become old, and one of the first things he did was to put in new types and new machinery, in order that the paper could be made to look more attractive and that the business men might say with pride of their job printing that "it was done in our own town."

Then, believing in the business instinct of Wrangell's business men, and that this instinct would cause them to stand behind the institution that had stood up for them, we chose Wrangell as our future home, and brought the woman of our choice to share the successes and failures, the smiles and tears, of life in our chosen home.

Then came the disastrous fire of 1906, which struck such a blow to the community. We shared the loss, but knowing that the town was too good, too sound, to quit, but more money into the business and went ahead, boosting the town and its business.

To prove that the paper is appreciated, we have but to state the fact that the fire destroyed the book containing our subscription list, and many of our outside subscribers did not get their paper for a time. Letters poured in by the score, asking us what the trouble was, the substance of the letters being "I want my Wrangell paper so I can see what is going on at Wrangell." We will leave it to anybody who has ever read this paper if they ever saw the town, or the best interests of the town spoken of in any but the highest terms. Had we spoken otherwise we would have injured our own personal interests; and would that have been business?

The mail order business of the

big eastern houses, which, by the way has assumed gigantic proportions in Alaska, has been one of our principal butts of attack. We carried our ideas on this question so far that we refused to publish ads from these houses unless paid for at a rate fifty per cent above our regular rate to home advertisers. To bear us out in this we cite our advertising rate card, which has been mailed to every eastern concern inquiring after our prices for advertising. This rate card also says that "patent medicine advertisements will not be accepted at any price." This was to discourage the use of nostrums which are injurious, often poisonous, and let the local doctors have the treatment of the sick, as rightly they should, and also encourage the patronage of local pharmacists.

Laws are enacted for the purpose and to the end that justice and honesty and a square deal may prevail among the people. One of the important factors in the progress of civilization is the matter of education; and in order that the minds of the rising generations may be developed toward the principles of truth and right living, the laws require that the teachers shall pass an examination demonstrating their ability. They must also prove themselves to be of good moral character. This is proper, and is a debt of duty that parents owe to those whom they have brought into the world. This law and these requirements are universal, applying to Alaska as well as to other sections, and states.

In almost every state of the Union similar laws exist to regulate the practice of medicine, the treatment for disease and suffering being of vastly more importance than the development of the mind. For this reason the examination required to be passed by those wishing to practice are most rigid, and only those who put in long years of study, and pass the examination for efficiency and good moral character are permitted to practice medicine.

During the last session of Congress a bill was introduced to make such a law for the district of Alaska, but for some unknown reason it failed to pass. We sincerely believe that such a law should be enacted in order that the people of Alaska may be protected against every Tom, Dick and Harry who might wish to attempt the practice in Alaska. And there is not a husband or a wife or a father or a mother in Alaska, who, down in his or her heart of hearts, believes otherwise.

SENTINEL has always thought it a newspaper's duty to stand out for the enactment of such a law because it thought that such a law would be for the improvement and betterment of conditions in Alaska. The paper has made numerous allusions to this matter, but every remark has been of a general nature, applying to the whole of the district, and to no particular section of Alaska. This we did because we deemed it our duty. And we have confidence enough in the better judgment of our patrons to leave the decision to them as to whether or not it WAS our duty. And we deem it a sacred duty for a husband or a parent to know that the person who is to treat the wife or child is qualified. A saloon man is required to post his license in a conspicuous place, and a doctor should be required to do the same thing with his diploma. In all fairness we ask, is this not true? Yet we do not know of a single doctor in Alaska who has his college diploma displayed where it may be seen by all.

In all our remarks upon this matter we have never made one single personal remark; never mentioned one single name of any person concerned in the discussion of this subject. This for the reason that we do not know, positively of any irregularity in any town in the district. Nor have we ever made the assertion that any such irregularity did exist.

However, exceptions have been taken to one of our articles, and a boycott has ensued, a number of our best customers discontinuing

their business relations with the paper. Right here we must say that in dealing with the important topics covering the welfare of a people, a paper is compelled to say things that do not please all alike; if it did, it would be a wishy-washy rag, and not a newspaper.

We regret deeply this loss of the patronage of men for the benefit of whose business we have worked and even denied ourselves. Our regret is not only for the loss of the patronage and kindly feeling, but we are frank in admitting that if it remains as it is, it will be a severe blow to our earnings, which, God knows, were small at best. If we can not make ends meet financially, we shall be compelled to "shut up shop." However, thank Heaven, we have earned an honest living ever since we were able to work, and can do it again, elsewhere, though we should prefer to remain in this, our chosen town.

We have no ill-feeling against any of these men. And we ask them to go back over the years that this paper has been published and weigh, deliberately, the position of the paper. If it has ever been guilty of a willful attempt to injure the community, then it has no right to live and be a part of the business circles of the town.

But if it has striven for the improvement and betterment and protection of the community and the entire district, we believe all will agree that it is entitled to the patronage of the people of the community and district.

Further, if the paper is compelled to cease its labors, its publisher can leave with the consolation of knowing that he has been thoroughly honest and square in his dealings, and has paid every cent of debt incurred in dealing with all. If this is not true, we shall be pleased to settle any indebtedness yet outstanding.

In concluding this statement we desire to thank all of the men for their patronage and the pleasant business relations of the past.

CHICAGO IS AFTER BUSINESS

Two hundred members of the Illinois Manufacturers' Association have secured a special steamer to tour Japan, China, Corea and the Philippines. The trip is in no sense a pleasure trip, but is gone into by the big merchants solely to acquaint them with the business methods and demands of the Far East. They expect to return home in several months with first-hand knowledge and experience concerning the Orient, and to lay successful plans for doing a bigger and more profitable business with the Asiatic countries.

It is such undertakings as these that are more and more enabling Chicago to make good on its claim to the title of "the great central market." First the Chicago merchants took numerous trips into the various states to educate their countrymen about Chicago, and now they are going to foreign lands to educate themselves to corner the foreign trade.

If the "Windy City" continues its progressive tactics, which seem to pervade all the city's activities, some other metropolises will have to begin to do big things to keep all the trade from going to the big Illinois trade center.

It is also the intention of the Chicago Association of Commerce to erect a building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition which is to be held at Seattle next year to exploit Chicago in the Pacific Northwest. H. A. Stevens, who is a member of several committees of the association, and H. A. Wheeler, chairman of the ways and means committee, visited Seattle recently to look over the progress of the exposition and to determine on the location for a building. Three sites have been selected tentatively, and just as soon as the committees having charge of the matter meet, a permanent site will be selected.

The fact that the Pennsylvania Railroad has just placed orders for fifteen monster freight locomotives would not indicate an impending panic of business with that company, even if it is campaign year.

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WRANGELL, ALASKA

SERIAL NO. 088
SOLDIER'S ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD ENTRY BY ASSIGNEE

U. S. LAND OFFICE

Juneau, Alaska, Sept. 19, 1908.

NOTICE is hereby given that Lewis P. Hunt, whose postoffice address is Mankato, Minnesota, the legal assignee of Thomas McCormick, beneficiary under Section 2206, Revised Statutes of the United States, granting additional lands to soldiers and sailors who served in the Army or Navy of the United States during the War of the Rebellion, has applied to enter the lands embraced in U. S. Survey No. 215, situated on the south shore of Shakan Strait, and more particularly described as follows:

Beginning at Corner No. 1, 15 links above high tide line of Shakan Strait, a stone marked Beg. Cor. No. 1 S. 215, whence U. S. Location Monument No. 5 bears N. 8 degrees 52 minutes W. 27.02 chains distant; thence S. 44 deg. 00 min. E. 42.67 chs. to Cor. No. 2, a stone marked S. 215; thence S. 46 deg. 00 min. W. 19.34 chs. to Co. No. 3, a stone marked S. 215; thence N. 44 deg. 00 min. W. 42.67 chs. to Cor. No. 4, on high tide line of Shakan Strait, a stone marked S. 215; thence along said high water mark (1) N. 67 deg. 00 min. E. 6.30 chs.; (2) N. 43 deg. 22 min. E. 4.60 chs.; (3) N. 53 deg. 00 min. E. 9.10 chs. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning. Area, 79.989 acres. Magnetic variation at all corners 33 deg. 00 min. E. as additional to the said McCormick's original homestead on the east half of the southeast quarter of section eight, in township 10 south of range 1 west, which he entered at New Orleans, La., per Homestead Entry No. 8, dated January 15th, 1867.

Any and all persons claiming adversely any portion of the above described tract of land are required to file with the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Juneau, Alaska, their adverse claim thereagainst, under oath, during the period of the publication of this notice, or within thirty days thereafter, or they will be barred by provisions of the statutes.

LEWIS P. HUNT.
It is hereby ordered that the foregoing notice be published for the statutory period in the ALASKA SENTINEL, a weekly newspaper published at Wrangell, Alaska. JOHN W. DUDLEY, Register.

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176-182 MICHIGAN STREET, CHICAGO

HEADQUARTERS FOR

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WILLSON & SYLVESTER

Wrangell, Alaska

THE MINT SALOON

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WRANGELL SHINGLE CO.

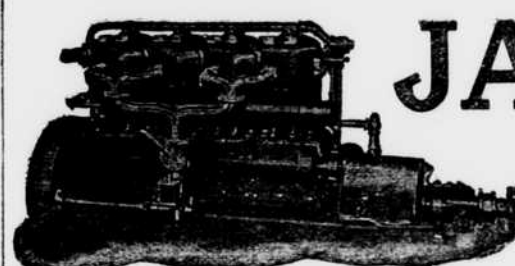
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